



## Choker by Glitter\_Bug

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** 1990s, Based on some amazing art!, Boys In Love, Ficlet, M/M, See the notes!, Short One Shot, Smut, Swearing, well pre-smut really

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Steve tries out a 90s trend. Billy approves and appreciates.

*“Steve? What’s-” Billy doesn’t wait for Steve to answer, tugging down Steve’s zip to reveal his neck, newly adorned with the plastic swirling loops of a tattoo choker. Billy gasps, an involuntary sound torn from his mouth by the sight of that pale skin broken by the black wire, and the way it’s already starting to flush pink as Steve blushes under Billy’s intense gaze.*

# Choker

## Author's Note:

- For [polychromos](#).

This is part of a collaboration I've done with the utterly wonderful Mono. We both got chatting about 90s Steve and how he'd definitely embrace some of the trends, INCLUDING tattoo chokers and...yep! This was born!

Find her incredible illustrations [here](#) (and also in the end notes!)

Billy springs up like some well-trained dog the moment that he hears the front door click.

And he knows he's being kinda pathetic, because it's not like Steve's been gone long. No more than his usual eight hour shift at Family Vid anyway. So there's no reason at all for Billy to be so damn eager.

But he is.

He has a hot boyfriend and they finally have their own place and maybe the appeal of both of those things together hasn't quite worn off yet, so Billy's on Steve the moment he sets one booted foot down on the cracked linoleum of their hallway, barely able to wait for Steve to shed his bulky winter coat and his fancy cashmere scarf before he's reaching out and pulling him in for a kiss.

But as soon as their lips touch, Billy yelps,  
“Shit! Baby, you’re frozen,”

And ok, maybe the winter of '97 isn't anywhere near as bad as the '94 cold snap. But it's still winter in Indiana. It's still cold as fuck. And Steve's commute isn't really long enough for his car to warm up properly anyway. So Billy figures it's going to be his job to bring some heat back under Steve's skin.

And *oh*, he can do that.

He reaches up to cup Steve's bright red cheeks, squeezing them together a little to make his lips purse, and Billy can't resist dropping

another kiss onto that pretty face. His thumbs brush absent-mindedly down Steve's neck, always eager to touch as much of Steve as he can, to drink up his fill, still heady with the joy of being able to have him, to touch him, to taste him freely like this.

His thumbs drop lower, finding the slightly warmer skin hidden beneath the collar of Steve's ugly *Family Video* fleece and then he pauses, the pads of his thumbs brushing over something alien, something a little spiky and hard and-

"Steve? What's-" Billy doesn't wait for Steve to answer, tugging down Steve's zip to reveal his neck, newly adorned with the plastic swirling loops of a tattoo choker. Billy gasps, an involuntary sound torn from his mouth by the sight of that pale skin broken by the black wire, and the way it's already starting to flush pink as Steve blushes under Billy's intense gaze,

"Oh shit, yeah...uh. Robin was...she was messing around and got me to wear it and I guess...shit. I forgot all about it." Steve rubs a hand over the back of his neck and his fingers twitch along the collar, stretching it out to reveal the slight red indent left on the skin underneath before he lets it snap back into place.

His eyes flick to the floor, and then back up to Billy, shyly, "Do you...does it look OK?"

Billy's speechless.

For a moment.

Then he recovers.

"Not with-" his voice comes out squeaker than usual, so he coughs and tries again, "not with that shirt."

He sees the moment Steve gets it, a fast learner when he wants to be. Billy watches as this slight nervousness in his eyes is replaced with a flash of fire and confidence.

And fuck, Billy likes that even more.

Then Steve's stepping back, a mischievous smirk on his face, "Better go change then, yeah?" before he strides past Billy and struts into the bedroom, letting the door slam closed behind him.

Billy waits for a beat. Two beats.

Gets himself back under control.

And then he follows.

He notices that the bed has been hastily made, messy sheets pulled tight and dirty laundry kicked underneath, and that the main light is off, leaving just the soft, golden glow from the bedside lamps to illuminate the glorious scene in front of him.

And *oh*, what a scene.

Because Steve's posed, entirely naked on their bed, head cocked and eyes wide with faux innocence.

"See something you like?"

Billy's lost for words again, tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth as he drinks in the sight of Steve with his lightly muscled body on show, his pale skin with those scattered constellations of moles that guide Billy home better than any configuration of stars ever could. Billy could spend hours tracing those moles. Has spent hours tracing those moles, mapping them with his fingers and his tongue, spending the time to kiss and lick at each and every single one until Steve was a begging, pleading writhing mess beneath him.

Those legs, those long damn legs with the firm thighs and that firmer ass that Billy just wants to dive over and sink his teeth into. Leave a mark, a claim of *mine mine mine*.

That dick, big and hard and just starting to leak at the tip, the sight of it has Billy licking his lips. Salivating with the sheer need to kneel down and take it in his mouth.

And that choker.

That damn choker.

Billy surges forward. He instinctively moves to grab at Steve's hips and pull him in for a heated kiss, Steve's mouth opening the instant Billy's lips touch his, letting him in and sliding his tongue just as eagerly against Billy's, his hands grasping at the firm muscles in Billy's arms and pulling him in closer, deeper. Keeping him there.

And Billy could stay there forever, losing himself in the bliss of the kiss, but he wants more. Knows Steve does too, by the way he's shifting, hardness pressing against Billy's leg and leaving a spot on

the denim. So he pulls back reluctantly, drawing it out by nipping gently at Steve's bottom lip before he steps back and just looks, gazing at Steve and thinks about how damn lucky he is to get this, this beautiful sight all for him. His voice is husky with desire when he growls out,

"God, baby, you look. You look so good. So damn good."

Billy brings his hands back to Steve's hips, thumbs pressing right onto the bones and fingers digging against the plumper flesh there before he slides them upwards, fingers skimming over the softness of Steve's stomach and then stopping, just for a few seconds, for his thumbs to brush over Steve's nipples, teasing them to a delicious hardness before his fingers find the choker again,

"Beautiful, Stevie. You're so beautiful."

He slips a finger underneath the plastic, tracing the one tiny part of Steve's skin that's still hidden. He can feel the thrum of Steve's pulse, the fierce beating as he spreads his fingers over the front of Steve's throat, pressing the choker back against his skin in a gentle hold, using just enough pressure to feel Steve's Adam's apple bobbing under the palm of his hand.

"Fuck," Steve gasps, his eyes dark and blown, "You really like it, don't you?"

Billy doesn't quite have the words to answer that, so he presses himself against Steve, hoping that the matching hardness in his jeans gives away exactly how much he likes it.

And Steve's grin turns wicked, face brimming with Pure King Steve cockiness as he holds Billy by the shoulders and gazes right into his eyes,

"Guess I'll just have to keep it on for you then, sweetheart."

### **Author's Note:**

Mono's utterly wonderful art! (Find their Twitter post) [here](#)

